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NO. 24.

POETRY.

STANZAS
Written beneath the Portrait of Lord Byron,
painted by West.

Tis with strange feelings that I gaze
Upon this brow of thine.
Magnificent as if the mind
Herself had carved her shrine;
An alter into which was given
The flowers of earth, the light of heaven.
At the first glance, that eye is proud,
But, if I read aright,
A fountain of sweet tears lies hid
Beneath the flashing light:
Tenderness, like a gushing rill
Subdued, repressed, but flowing still—
That lip is curled with sneering smile—
Alas! what doth it prove!—
Not in the warfare of the world
Are lessons taught of love.
So much is there hard to be borne,
The heart must either break or scorn,
And differently the poison works
On every differing mind,
Some grow false as the false they blamed,
And thus 'tis with mankind:
But there are some whose loftier mood
Grows maddened on such things to brood.
The young warm heart whose faith and love
Were all too prompt at first,
What must it feel when these are turn'd
To darkness and distrust?
Wormwood to know that heart has been
Dope of the false, prey of the mean.
Such will not ask for sympathy,
Knowing they ask in vain,—
Nor yield to softer feelings way,
To be deceived again;
And bitter laugh and scornful snore
Become at once their shield and spear.
Such, methinks, was the destiny
That threw its chill o'er thee;
Thou hast mixed with the false, till all
Seem'd but alike to be
Could not the workings of thine heart
Another holier creed impart?
I read it in thy gifted page,
In every noble thought,
Each lofty feeling and sweet song
With tenderest deep fraught;
For there thine utmost soul was shown—
Their truth, their beauty, were thine own.
For out on the vain worldling's speech,
Which saith the poet's skill
But sets forth feelings he has not;
Work'd up, wrought out at will.
What knows he of that sacred feeling?
He hath no part in its revealing.
And if sometimes he is not all
That his own song has sung,
It is but part of that great curse
Which still to earth has clung;
Whoever has seen, who yet shall see,
Himself as he deemed he could be?
The mind can win eternity
With its immortal name;
But all too often happiness
Is the price paid for fame:
For not a barbed shaft can fly
But aims to strike the mark on high.
Oh, if there be one sullic'd page
Unworthy of thy name,
The weakness of a naughty one,
To dwell on it were shame,
Were cruelty,—when thy fine mind
Has left such nobler store behind!
But thou art with the dead—they live
In such a cause was given,
Most glorious in the sight of man,
Precious in that of heaven.
Marathon and Thermopylae,—
Such soil was fitting grave for thee.

THE NIGHT WAS DELIGHTFUL.
The night was delightful, the stars were hung
In the dark blue concave, the shadows among,
The festal dwelling was life with mirth,
And the joy of the blest, rose a moment on earth
I saw her as fair as the light of my dream,
And long shall remembrance the vision redeem.
There's a smile that can cheer, when the spirit
is dark,
Like the light which can rescue the storm-driv-
en bark;
There's a voice that pours balm on the desolate
ear,
Which the storm-driven mortal with transport
must hear.
That smile I th'ru saw, that voice I then heard,
And my spirit arose with the flight of a bird.
Should I roam from this country of home and
of peace,
To the woods of the west, or the islands of
Greece;
Should I fly to Florida's beautiful groves,
Or the vast prairie that the emigrant loves,
I'll remember forever the being of light,
Who could weave the charm of that beautiful
night.

MISCELLANY.

A TALE OF BORDEAUX.

When the army of the Duke of Wellington was marching upon Toulouse, a deputation was sent to him from the royalists of Bordeaux, promising, that if he would detach a small force in that direction, the town should be given up to him for the King.

Immediately rumor, with her thousand tongues, sent about the town all manner of reports; lying here, lying there, till she frightened all the inhabitants.

ant of the Chateau Trompette was resolved, they said, to defend it for Napoleon to the last; and there he lay, with a forlorn countenance, keeping the tri-colored flag flying continually, and threatening to turn his cannon on the town, if it submitted to the English. On the other hand, came the news that the British and Spanish forces were marching upon Bordeaux, and that their General threatened, if a shot was fired in its defense, to give the town up to the fury of the soldiery; and immediately murder and assassination got into all the old women's heads in the place, and nothing was thought of but finding some hole to hide their children and their money till the storm had blown over.

There was at that time living in Bordeaux an old Welsh lady of the name of Jones, and like Jeptah Judge of Israel, she was blessed with one fair daughter, whom she loved passing well. She had continued to live on in France through peace and war, without minding any one, and, as she said, had never been frightened at any thing since her poor husband's death, till she heard that the English and Spaniards were going to take Bordeaux by assault. For the Spaniards understood, were most voracious savages; as to the English she did not mind them.

At the time of the French Revolution—old monasteries were to be sold for an old song, and nunneries were to be had for the having. Thus it so happened, that in those days, Monsieur Emanuel Latouche (who had once been a Jew, and had become professionally a Christian, though he was strongly suspected of being of no religion at all) had

acquired under a revolutionary sale, the property of the convent which lay on the one side of the Rue de l'Intendance, and the monasteries which lay on the other. Now, Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, for reasons best known to himself, espoused a certain French lady; his marriage with whom appeared to be the proximate cause of his christianization; and having imbibed her fortune, and bought the buildings aforesaid, he set up as a great dealer in marine stores. After a certain period of connubial felicity, the lady died, and left to the care and guidance of Emanuel Latouche, a certain remnant of herself, called a son, which she had had by a former marriage; and as Monsieur Latouche was reputed to have cheated the world, he was by no means so inconsistent as not to cheat his own step-son, at least so it was generally supposed! Finding that it would be a great deal better speculation to let the monastery aforesaid, he prevailed upon old Mrs. Jones, whom we have heretofore mentioned, to take a great part of it, assuring her, as a further inducement, that in case she should have any thing to hide, he could show her a place in that very house which would never be discovered by the keenest eyes. It is not known whether Mrs. Jones was biassed by this information or not, but, however, she took up her abode in that part of the monastery which looks down upon the Marche Dominique on the one hand, and the theatre Francais on the other; and Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, with his step-son, continued to live in the old convent on the other side of the Rue de l'Intendance. It was by these means that an intimacy first took place between pretty Lucy Jones and Edward Fontange, the step-son of Monsieur Emanuel Latouche.

There can be no doubt, since Horace says it, that the best plan is to begin in *medias res*, but there is, notwithstanding some trouble in working up one's leeway. Being arrived at this point, however all the rest is simple. Having put a handsome young man and a pretty girl together, what can they do but fall in love with each other? It is what they always do in novels, and poems, and plays, and I am afraid, in real life too; for propinquity is a terrible thing, and, for my own part, I am a firm believer in animal magnetism, that is to say, as far as retraction and repulsion go. However that may be, Edward Fontange and Lucy Jones tried very hard to fall in love with each other, and, after a short time succeeded to a miracle; so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Jones, perceiving what was going on, thought fit to speak to Mr. Latouche upon the subject, desiring to know if he intended to take his step-son into business with him, in which case she should not scruple, she said, to give him her daughter. But Mr. Latouche informed her that he should do no such thing; that his step-son was no better than a beggar, whom he had educated out of love for his dearly beloved wife deceased, and that further, he would not give him a farthing, or do any thing for him in the world; whereupon Miss Jones quarreled with Monsieur Emanuel Latouche, called him a miserable old curmudgeon, and going home turned young Fontange out of her house, and bade her daughter Lucy think no more of the young vagabond. Now, Lucy said very quietly that she would stay with her mother. But Mrs. Jones would not hear of it; and finding her daughter

making him go on to pull him back by the hair, she snatched up the box that held her money, carried them both downstairs to the cellar, and, pushing them into the dark chamber, shut the door with a bang; after which she returned to the maid, for whose safety she had not the same maternal regard, and waited the event with indomitable fortitude.

In the mean time, Lucy remained in the dark. The first thing she did was to feel about for the chair, and sitting down, she had a good opportunity of crying to her heart's content. She was still engaged in this agreeable occupation when she heard a knocking, as if somebody wished to come in. Lucy wiped her eyes and listened. It could not be her mother; she would have come in at once, without any such ceremony; besides it did not seem to come from that side. Lucy listened again; the knocking continued, but evidently came from the opposite part of the chamber, and did not seem so near as the cellar. Lucy now got upon her feet trembling as if she had the palsy, and began to approach the sound. She knocked over the table and almost fainted with the noise. She picked up the table, and knocked over the chair, and then again *vice versa*, stopping awhile between each to take breath; having arranged all that, she tumbled over her mother's money-box, broke her shins, and hopped about the room on one foot with the pain for full five minutes; then, not being able to find the chair, she leaned against the wainscot for support; but the wainscot gave way with a creak, as if it moved on hinges, and she had almost fallen headlong into another room as dark as the first. Lucy now doubted whether she ought to be most surprised or frightened; but right had decidedly the majority; when she heard something move in this same dark chamber, on the opposite side to where she herself had entered. Now Lucy, though she had never studied modern tactics, was possessed of many of those principles which are supposed to constitute a good general; and in the present instance, not having had an opportunity of reconnoitering her ground, and finding her forces totally inadequate to meeting an adversary of any kind, she resolved upon making a retreat under cover of the darkness, but, unfortunately, she had neglected to observe which way she had advanced, and, for a moment, could not find the entrance into the chamber. The noise which she had at first heard of something moving, increased; she became more and more bewildered, ran this way and that, till—Ugh! she ran against something soft and warm, which caught fast hold of her, and in this interesting position she fainted. What could she do else? Oh, ye bards and romancers, give me some delicate description of a young lady recovering from a fainting fit! But oh! when Lucy opened her eyes she found herself sitting in the manner that European ladies and gentlemen generally sit, with an engaging youth, no other than Edward Fontange, sitting beside her in mute despair, and from time to time fanning her face with the tails of his coat, while a lamp, with its accompanying phosphorus-box, stood by with its dim light, showing in more gloomy horrors the walls of a dark vault, which, to the terrified eyes of Lucy, seemed interminable.

Forgetting all the ho's and ha's of the two losers, together with question and answer without end, be it briefly stated that Edward Fontange had never contrived to forget Lucy Jones, and always remembering that it was his want of fortune which had broken his love-dream, he incessantly meditated the means of remedying that wherein fate had wronged him. But all ordinary plans demanded years, long years, to perfect, and love would brook no delay. He had heard however, of hidden treasures, and of monks who had concealed immense sums during the revolution, and he believed him of searching the cellars of the old convent where he lived, without ever dreaming that he should there find a subterranean communication with the dwelling of his Lucy. Upon his first examination he was struck, like Mrs. Jones, by an iron cross in the wall, and resolved like her, to come to the bottom of it the first opportunity.

The first opportunity arrived with the arrival of the British troops; for his good step-father, not having the most courageous disposition, flew instantly to the country with his wealth, and left Edward to take care of the house. No sooner was he gone, than poor Edward descended to the cellar, and with a good pick-axe and a strong arm set to work upon the cellar wall. He soon, like Mrs. Jones, discovered a door, and a small chamber exactly similar to hers. Examining this more closely than she had done, he soon found his way to an extensive vault, and on narrowly viewing it, he found his way, he discovered

another iron cross, smaller than the former. Here he set to work again with his pick-axe, when suddenly he thought he heard a noise as if something fell. He listened, and hearing it again, he blew out his lamp for fear of an intruder. Two or three subsequent clatters succeeded, then a creak, as if of an opening door, and immediately after he clearly heard some one move and breathe in the vault. Whether it was curiosity or one of those old presentiments that sometimes come over us, or the Lord knows what, but his prudence left him; he advanced to find out what it was, got hold of a woman's gown, and in a minute after had his own fair Lucy fainting in his arms. As may be supposed, he lighted his lamp, and, on finding who it was, went through all the stages of surprise, consternation, and anxiety. He then tried several ways of bringing her to herself, amongst which was kissing her more than once, but that did not answer at all, for the more he kissed her the more dead she seemed to be; but at length, as I have said, after a reasonable time she opened her eyes, and then she had violent fits of astonishment, which were calmed and appeased by hearing an account very similar to that which has just been recited. Lucy had no curiosity at all, she cared for nobody's affairs but her own; nevertheless, simply out of affection for Edward, she insisted on his going off with his researches under the wall while she was present; she would not have it delayed a moment, and looked on as eagerly as if she had been the most curious person in the world. Edward worked away. The wall was soon demolished, and behind it appeared no door, but a small cavity, and a small wooden chest. "Here it is! here it is!" exclaimed Edward, in a transport of joy, taking it out and setting it on the ground. "Lucy, dear Lucy, you are mine at last. I would give nothing for the treasure if my Lucy did not share it."

Lucy could do nothing but cry, for the generosity of her lover's sentiments left her no other answer. However, she took the lamp, and both knelt down to look what was on the top, when, oh, horror! the only word that met their view was "Reliques." Edward gazed on Lucy, and Lucy looked at Edward, without saying anything. "Well, let us see at all events," said Edward at last—and taking up the pick-axe, he very soon opened the case, when sure enough nothing presented itself but old bones and mouldering scraps of linen. "Sacre bleu!" cried Edward; Lucy said nothing, but she thought the same. "Hark!" cried her lover, "there is your mother!" But no: they listened: there was no body, and they again turned to gaze upon the box. "Lucy," said Edward, "I am very unfortunate to lose you again in this manner. You do not love me, Edward?" said Lucy. "Do you think it is money I care about?" Edward caught her to his breast, held her there a moment, then starting back, much to Lucy's surprise—"It's all nonsense," cried he, old bones could never be so heavy!" Then down he went upon his knees, and away with the relics. The first tier was bones, and the third tier was bones, but the third was of bright, shining Louis d'ors; and Edward starting up caught Lucy in his arms, and kissed and re-kissed her, till he had almost smothered the poor girl.

The next thing was, what was to be done with the money? for though Edward believed himself to be the legitimate owner thereof, yet he had some twinges as to its being found on the premises of his step-father. At length after many pros and cons—"Go you back, Lucy," said her lover, "to the room where you were and be not afraid, for there is no danger to the town, or to you in it; for my part I'll take the money, and away to M. G.—, who was a good friend to my poor mother; he is the soul of honor, and will tell me what I can do honorably; one more kiss, and then good bye, but say nothing to any body of what has happened till you hear from me."

It was two days after this, that Monsieur Emanuel Latouche paid a visit to Mrs. Jones, for the apparent purpose of congratulating her upon the quiet and peaceful state of the town, but in reality to inform her that his step-son had found a treasure in his cellar, and run away with the same. "But," said Emanuel, "I will make him refund every son, or send him to the galley for a robber."

"Surely," said Mrs. Jones, "you would not send your wife's child to the galley's Monsieur Latouche."

"I would send my own father," replied Emanuel. As he spoke, the door opened, and in walked no other than Edward Fontange and his mother's friend, Monsieur G.—. Now Emanuel Latouche looked rather blank to see this accompaniment to the tune of his step-son; thinking it probable best to attack rather than be attacked, he began upon poor Edward in most unkind terms,

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reproaching him with ingratitude, threat ening him with the galleys, and asking him if the house where he found the treasure was not his.

"I think not," replied Monsieur G.— "to this last question; "I think not, Monsieur Latouche. It certainly is not, if you bought that house with the money of this young man's mother,—which was left to him at her death."

Take my advice, be content with what you have; for I am not sure, that, if this business were investigated you yourself might find your way to the galleys, instead of sending him there."

There was something in the tone of Monsieur G.—that wonderfully calmed Emanuel Latouche, who at first had been inclined to fight it out strongly; but, upon second thoughts, he swore he was ill-treated, very much ill-treated.

but, as "suffrage was the badge of all his tribe," he walked out of the room, grumbling as he went; and as for the rest, why—"hey for the wedding!"

FOREIGN NEWS.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

By an arrival at Halifax bringing London dates to the 7th, and Liverpool to the 8th of October, we have news seven days later than received via New York.

The extracts before us are quite unsatisfactory; but we learn, that the Reform Bill is the all engrossing topic in England, and that great fears are felt that it would eventually be rejected by the Peers—in which case Parliament will be immediately prorogued.

The Duke here re-assuming a hostile attitude.

The fate of the poor Poles is void to be more desperate than ever.

Port. Adv.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—The reports as to the probable fate of the Reform Bill, were more contradictory last night than ever. They were therefore more conclusive in one sense, as proving that nothing was distinctly known upon the subject. The fact is, that as the great result approaches, the minds of men become heated by anxiety, and are prepared for impressions either of hope or fear as circumstances, however trifling, may suggest for the moment. The debate of last night was not very remarkable—though it lasted till half past one this morning.

Wednesday evening.—There is nothing thought of and talked of here but reform, and the proceedings thereupon in the House of Lords. As however, nothing more is known upon the subject in the city than elsewhere, it would be a waste of time and room to go into any lengthened detail of the various rumors and speculations which have prevailed to-day. But it is, perhaps, worth remarking, that the chance of the Lords passing the bill is not considered quite so desperate as it was yesterday and Monday. On the other hand, however, we have some reason to believe that the King is about to come to town for the purpose of proroguing Parliament in case the Lords should throw out the bill. His Majesty, we are told, has determined to be on the spot, lest the Peers should be inclined to follow up their rejection of the Bill by a hostile address, which the King would prevent by an immediate prorogation.

There has been a great deal of business doing in the Stock Exchange, and the variation of prices has been trifling.—Consols for the account at 80 3 4, then rose to 81 1 8, when they fell to 80 7 8, and finally left off at 80 7 8 to 81; for money they are quoted at 80 7 8.

Herald.

CITY, Tuesday evening, Oct. 6.—The question of Reform is the prevailing topic in the city. As we intimated yesterday, nothing else is either thought of or talked of, indeed there is nothing else to discuss, for we have no foreign intelligence of the slightest importance. Every body is struck with the extraordinary ability which the Peers have displayed upon the great question. For our parts we have no fear for the House of Lords. We are satisfied, whatever convulsions may happen to this country, that the House will remain a permanent establishment, provided the real aristocracy—the old Peers—are allowed to have full play.

Lon. Morn. Her.

October 7. Another adjournment of the debate on the Reform Question took place last night, after a discussion in which the Earl of Cameron was the chief opponent of the Bill, and Lord Plunkett its most distinguished advocate. It is now generally supposed that their Lordships will divide to-night, or rather Saturday morning, on the second reading; and conjecture still inclines to favor the opinion that the bill will be lost.

We cannot, however, without doing violence to the respect in which we hold the Upper House, subscribe to this opinion. The course which the debate has hitherto taken, and the triumph which the friends of reform have had from the first, no argument would seem to favor an inference more consonant to the wishes of the reforming party. We see, therefore, in spite of some prospects to the contrary, that the bill will be read a second time, and that it will eventually pass, without calling for any

proceeding on the part of the ministers to overcome the reluctance of the House. But the hour draws nigh when speculations must give place to certainty on a subject so interesting to the community at large.

London Morn. Her.—The following is from the Courier of Thursday evening, (the 6th.) "The report in most of the club houses last night was that the Reform Bill will be rejected by a majority of 14. This, of course is mere conjecture. If the discussion should last until Saturday, there may be a small majority in favor of the bill. But, be the result of the discussion what it may, we are happy to state that the King and his ministers will be firm.

The money market, on Thursday was steady, and consols closed at 80 7 8 and 81.

Three regiments on the Irish establishment have received orders to be in readiness to march to Cork, for embarkation on board Sir Edward Codrington's fleet. Two others expect to receive similar orders.

It appears by the latest accounts from Antwerp, that the Dutch are re-assuming a hostile attitude in that vicinity, additional troops have been sent there within the few last days.

POLAND.

Notwithstanding our fondest hopes for the fate of poor Poland—her having been too delusively encouraged by some of the recent intelligence from that quarter—the star of its independence seems to have been set, at least for the present—and that extraordinary nation has nothing now to expect but in the generosity or mercy of a barbarian conqueror. The last stay of hope is undermined.

From the Quebec Journal.

Money applied by this State to benefit the Agricultural interest, the best method of enriching the State.

Other countries and States, with much less land, and not so deeply interested in the welfare of agriculture, have appropriated large sums to the benefit of the farming interest, and are satisfied that the money has been applied to the best purpose. Great Britain has long had her agricultural societies aided by the Government, and it is doubted whether any part of Europe.

New York has extensive and agricultural societies; Massachusetts, now applies the sum of two hundred dollars yearly to each of her counties, (if I am rightly informed) to aid her county societies, and we all know she has a very extensive State society, and has had for many years; and lately a Horticultural society is doing much, and Maine has in many cases felt the benefit of their labors in twenty years. The Nova Scotia government have aided a very active society in that province, and I have furnished one choice animal for them. Before the establishment of that society they imported bread to a large amount, which importation they say, has been much lessened. Some of the reports of that society have been rich in agricultural matter; they have shewn the absurdity of a country situated so far to the north as they are, where they are obliged to fatten seven months in a year, being obliged to sell butcher's meat and purchase bread stuff; they have shown that the cost of raising a hundred of meat is three times that of a hundred of bread stuff; and yet the meat does not exceed the bread stuff but little in the market. We have yet to learn why all other places are so much benefited by agricultural societies, and we have not an object worthy to receive the least legislative aid. Can it be that this State has neglected their own interest? Experience has shown that small premiums are best; but without any it is not believed that one hundred and thirteen bushels of good sound corn would have been raised from one acre of ground in the town of Winthrop this year. The information that is obtained from a society cannot be obtained from an individual, nor is the influence in society as great in the one case as in the other. Witness the good done by Temperance Societies of late.

I believe that man labors under a mistake who thinks that we in Maine, are situated too far to the north for a good farming country, if the farmer had information, and industry to put it into execution. Teach our youth that we are situated, and that our soil is indifferent, and they will be sighing after a softer air, and more luxuriant soil; but teach them the contrary, and they will be contented here. A sum sufficient to keep many agricultural societies actively pursuing their object would not be felt in any considerable degree, but the benefit would soon be received, and I should hope, acknowledged by every one. A small sum yearly would be sufficient, and much better than a large one at any one time. Can there be any class of people in this State so ignorant of their true interest as to suppose they are not interested in agriculture? In states where they have but little sea-board there is no difficulty in making the Legislature believe it to be their true interest to patronize agricultural societies. Is it because we have three hundred miles of sea-board that our Legislature has not

aided these societies? If domestic animals are improved; if we read a second time, and that it will eventually pass, without calling for any

expense of such societies; if domestic and family expenses are lessened; if the people throughout the state are rendered more temperate and industrious, will any man say the state is not enriched thereby? and would not these societies have such a tendency? Commerce and the arts are cultivated by all wise nations; if they are extended too far they beget their evils. Ought we not as a people to do all in our power to elevate the standard of agriculture to its proper level? And can it be better done in any other way than by encouraging agricultural societies? I would call the attention of all elected to the next Legislature to the subject, let their profession or party feelings be what they may.

I am satisfied, the subject has been too long neglected. There is nothing that the ingenuity of men may not raise arguments against, and state abuses of power that never existed. Experience alone can test what premiums are necessary to do good; and the great object of all trustees ought and will be to do good. What other object can they have? I might state such objections as I have heard made, and ingenuity can make more but I fear.

A FARMER.
Waltham, Nov. 1, 1831.

THE MINES IN LUBEC.

Last Monday, for the first time, we visited this mine. If before, we had any doubts of its intrinsic value and public importance, they were removed by our observations. The lead ore, which,

from its weight and appearance, is of a rich quality, has mixed with it a portion of copper, some zinc and a quantity of silver. The ore is doubtless inexhaustable, as no less than a dozen strata have already been discovered, within the distance of one hundred rods. They commence near low water mark, where they are eighteen or twenty inches in width, and proceed in veins perpendicular to the horizon; to the distance of forty or fifty rods from the water at high flood. The principal excavation has been made near the water, where a number of tons of ore have been taken out. We however,

found the miners engaged in excavating near the summit of the coast, which rises at this place, one hundred and fifty feet, and perhaps more, above high water mark. It is so steep as to give it the appearance of a precipice at a distance. By means of the shrubbery on the declivity, we were enabled to make a descent, and observe the process of excavation. That portion of the stratum from which most of the ore has been taken, was under water, and shut out of view, but enough was left for inspection to satisfy us of the great value of the mine to its proprietors, and its importance to this section of the country. The strata seem to be encased in a species of quartz, which is mingled with what the miners term trap-rock. Within a day or two past, ore has been taken from the mine of a much richer quality than any before discovered. It is smelted without difficulty in a blacksmith's forge, and probably yields more than eighty per cent. lead. The local situation of the mine greatly increases its value. Vessels of any size can proceed to its immediate vicinity. The proprietors have everything to encourage them, and we have full faith in believing their utmost expectations will be realized.—*Northern Light.*

Winter is the Carnival of the United States. It is the time of scheming, calculating, conjecturing, reckoning, legislating, lecturing and scandalizing. The husbandman then enjoys the bounties of the summer. The field and the forest, have given him ample stores. Full granaries, and well-fed flocks make his heart contented. The long evenings are even greeted with satisfaction, for newspapers and books, talks and plans, make them pass off delightfully. Leisure is in the possession of all—and then the tongue let loose, wanders upon everything, and often, alas too often seathes the social circle or domestic tranquility.

The city and the large town resound with feasts, balls, operas, concerts, &c.—Pomp and parade, luxury and dress assume dominion. But every where there is a carnival.

The President is making messages; the Secretaries reports; the Auditors and Clerks accounts. Ponderous documents of portentous size then trail their slow length along. Members make speeches for home consumption. Laws are piled upon laws, and resolves upon resolves. Newspapers or pamphlets transport them all to the remotest verge of the Union. Then follow the discussions,—the criticisms, and commentaries more formidable than the original itself.—Speech treads upon the heel of speech; and O, horrible is the fate of him, who like an editor, must read them all!

But Congress is but one of these busy bodies lumbering the world with reading matter. Twenty two or three state legislatures are in motion, all making documents, laws, resolves, &c. &c.—Think ye what must be the fate of him who concocts such matter into a dish palatable for the public taste.

We have said winter is the Carnival of the United States. We do not mean a Catholic Carnival, but a Yankee Carnival—a money-making, legislating, and

crowd the market. The merchant is wide awake for barter. Corn then may be metaphorized into molasses, and poultry into nails—wool into calico & cheese into muslin. The process even outruns the metamorphoses of Ovid Winter too

is the very time for education. Brugham's school-master is then abroad.—The boy is at work with his Murray, Pope's Essay, slate and arithmetic all over the country. Lyceums invoke the eloquence of Lecturers, and Clubs of Speakers. Winter also is the season for calculating.

The manufacturer, the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic reckon up accounts. Their plans are laid for the future. Every one's head is full of schemes. And last, not least, winter is the season for scandalizing. The short just answer to seize topics for the long evenings. The fire side, perchance, is the focus where all the gossips of a neighborhood assemble, and deal out each their quantum of scandal. Ah! cruel is the fate of him or her, whose reputation is thus lacerated. Better, says some one, to fall among vultures than among scoundrels, for the first devour the body, and the second our peace of mind.

Port. Adv.

Newspaper Borrowers.—Reader, if you borrow this paper, send it right back—as you may feel cheap after you have finished this paragraph.

If the tailor sends a new coat home to you, would you think your neighbor fair in his request for the first use of it?

If the baker leaves you a hot loaf, should you like to lend it to your neighbor, and have it returned cold with the corners knawed off?

If the penny post leaves a letter on your door step, should you think it right in your neighbor to seize it, before you had time to read it, to tally a load of potatoes on it, and thank you for the use of it, some hours after, if he should not be so unfortunate as to lose it?

If these things are not right—then it is not right to borrow a newspaper on the day when it is published—or any other.

We have received a request from one of our subscribers to discontinue his paper for the present, for no other reason, than that he is plagued by borrowers.—We presume they are not such persons as he can very well deny the use of the paper. So it is with our borrowers, whoever you are! The person who lent you this, although he apparently did it with pleasure, wished that you would take the paper yourself, and not take his new coat, hot loaf, and letter, before he has made full use of them himself.

Port. Jour.

Who killed Cox Robin?—An interesting dispute is now going on in some of the newspapers, whether Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, killed Tecumseh at the battle of Haverhill town?—It is admitted that he shot an Indian with his rifle, but whether it was the great native warrior of the Northwest is disputed. The reason why the question is important just now, is that the Jackson party are to have a caucus on the 4th of March next, to nominate a Vice President in place of Mr. Calhoun and Col. Johnson, besides several other gentlemen, including Van Buren, has been named for the office. Gen. Jackson's qualifications for the Presidency are fully established. He killed some hundreds of unresisting Indians at the bend of the Tallapoosa, and hung two chiefs

and two Scotch traders whom he took

prisoners, besides shooting a lot of militiamen for going home when their time was out. This certainly proves that he is a hero, and is of course qualified for the first civil office. Now if it can be

proved that Col. Johnson actually killed

Tecumseh, then it follows that he also

is a hero, and ought to have the second

office. His mulatto daughters would

not probably refuse to associate with

Bellona, as the proud family of Calhoun did. But how is Van Buren to manage?

He it was who persuaded Jackson to be

a candidate for re-election, expecting to

be Vice President himself—no doubt

calculating that the old General would

die or resign, leaving him President de

facto the second four years.

Kanabec Journal.

Jewell Esprit—Mr. Clay.—On the 16 April, 1824, the day on which the Tariff Bill passed; when the House had adjourned, and the Speaker was stepping down from his seat, a gentleman, who had voted with the majority, said to him, "we have done pretty well to day." "Yes," returned Mr. Clay, "we made a good stand considering we lost both our feet." Alluding to Mr. Foot, of Connecticut, and Mr. Foote, of New York, who both voted against the Bill, though it was thought sometime before, that they would support it.

Stage Accident. In the darkness of Thursday evening last the mail stage, in passing the first Parish meeting house, in this village, struck against a post, knocked the driver (Mr. Tart) off and broke his thigh in two places. The horses ran off with the stage and a passenger ran off with the stage and the passenger

was severely wounded in the foot as

was afterwards ascertained.

The above instance of the boldness of the bear, is not a rare

one, as several have taken pains to pull off the boards from the barns in order to obtain an entrance to the sheep fold. They become so bold

that some persons have sold out their entire

stocks to save them from these black visitors.

The inquiry has been made of us whether there

is not a bounty upon wild beasts killed in this

vicinity.

Very few indeed are killed in this

OXFORD OBSERVER.

we think there ought to be,—for in case there was a liberal bounty upon bears, wolves, &c. &c; efficient means would be taken to rid the country of them. We put the question whether it would not be expedient for the Legislature of this State to give a liberal bounty upon all wild beasts of the above character.

ATKINSON'S CASKET.—The November No. of this valuable work is received. It contains the following embellishments:—A Copperplate Portrait of Miss Jane Porter, Palisade Rocks, Hudson River, N. Y.—Cumberland Terrace, London.—Charing Cross, London—Dropping W. H. England.—School of Flora.—Chelone Glabra, or Turtlehead. Music.—An Irish melody, and “Oh sweetly flows the aream.” It is filled with the usual variety of miscellaneous and literary matter.

The following will show the number of delegates which attended the late Convention at New-York for the protection of AMERICAN INSTRUCTORS:—From

Maine	4
N. Hampshire	20
Vermont	9
Massachusetts	63
Rhode Island	30
Connecticut	63
New York	182
New Jersey	48
Pennsylvania	106
Delaware	6
Maryland	32
Ohio	2
Virginia	2
Dist. Columbia	1

569

RELEASE OF THE MADAWASKA SETTLERS.

Credible information was received in this town last week, that the Provincial government at Fredericton had released the individuals recently imprisoned for alleged sedition at Madawaska. They were allowed to depart on their personal security for the payment of fines and costs. Two of them, on their way home, called at Houlton, from which place our information is received. Their release is probably the result of communications from the British diplomatic agent at Washington, to the government of New Brunswick.

Penobscot Jour.

Kentucky.—The Legislature of Kentucky was organized by the choice of John J. Crittenden Speaker of the House. The 10th inst. was assigned for choice of a Senator in Congress for six years from the fourth of March last. On the 10th HENRY CLAY was chosen by a majority of nine votes over Richard M. Johnson.

Remarkable feat of a Sheep Walker.—Breckin Castle, a seat belonging to the Hon. William Marke, of Paunum, stands, as most of our readers know, in a fine romantic situation, on the banks of the South Esk. Some time about the middle of the last century a falcon hawk had built her nest on the face of a precipitous cliff, overhanging the river, in the vicinity of the castle. Many attempts had been made to reach the nest particularly by two gardeners belonging to the castle, but it was found inaccessible either from above or below. The young hawks were supposed to be about fledged, and the gardeners had resolved upon making another effort to secure them. The young men slept together, and on the morning of that day when they were to make their final attempt upon the falcon's eyrie, one of the gardeners when he awoke, said to his bed-fellow, ‘O, Will I had a fine dream to night; I climbed the cliff, and plundered the hawk's nest of a couple of fine falcons.’ “Aye, but where are they now?” said his companion jeeringly.—“I thought I placed them below that tub which stands in our room,” replied the other. Upon looking out of bed, they saw the tub bottom upwards, contrary to its usual position. One of them sprung out of bed, lifted the tub, and the hawks were under it.

N. Y. Jour. of Com.

A promising young Man.—A young man, about twenty years of age, a clerk in a counting room in Boston, has received the annual prize of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, for the best essay, entitled “The American Tariff Laws, and their probable effect upon the trade, commerce, and manufacturers.” His name is John Holmes Prentice, a son of Judge Prentice, of Vermont.

Sentence of Capt. Hawkins.—From the Bombay papers received on Saturday, we find that Capt. Hawkins, whose trial we noticed last week for the purchase of slaves for the East India service, received sentence in the following words: “You stand convicted of the capital crime of piracy, in breaking the laws passed for abolishing the slave trade, the sentence of the Court is, that you be transported to the East-Coast of New-South-Wales for the term of seven years.”

A Cincinnati paper says:—“One or two hundred journeymen ship carpenters will meet with full employment & good wages, in this and other ports between Liverpool and Pittsburgh.”

MARRIED,

In Canton, 13th inst., by Hon. C. Holland, Dr. Wm. Barrows of Carver, Mass. to Miss Mary Howard of Canton.—20th inst., by Elder Adams of Jay; Mr. Jacob R. Leach of Paris, to Miss Lucy L. Alden of Canton.

In Fayette, 21st inst., by Rev. O. Billings, Mr. David Andrews to Miss Nancy Billings all of F.

DIED,

In Poland, 5th inst., Mrs. Sarah True, wife of John True, aged 55.—22d inst. Rev. Eliz. True, daughter of John True, aged 18.—22d inst. David D. son of E. G. Woodman, aged 7 months.

In Canton, Abram W. son of Mr. John and Mrs. Mercy Francis aged 1 year.

In Dover, Sept. 27, Mrs. Mary, consort of Mr. Abraham Moore, in the 57th year of her age.

In Chester, Mass. Ithacher Granger, 74, a soldier of the revolution. In Farmington, Me. Sanford Davis, 68; a soldier of the revolution.

In Sumner, Mr. Joshua Churchill, a revolutionary soldier, aged 92.

In Raymond, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Mark Jordan, aged 47.

In Hartford on the 9th inst. Mr. Nathaniel Gammon.

In Somers, Mrs. Sarah, wife of James Keene, aged about 70.

In Boston, Mr. Stephen Foster, printer, formerly of Portland aged 27.

In Fitchfield, on the 5th inst. Miss Mary C. daughter of Mr. Solomon Leland, (formerly of Sutton Mass.) aged about 34.

NOTICE.

Joseph C. Green

I RESPECTFULLY inform the public that he has established himself as an IRON MACHINIST at

“STEPP FALLS,” IN NORWAY, where he will build all kinds of COTTON and WOOLLEN MACHINERY—all kinds of Iron Work turned, drilled and finished with neatness and despatch—Surgeon's Instruments made and repaired—Guns repaired, &c. &c.

N. B. Iron Axles for Wagons and Chaise turned for 37 1/2 cents a piece. WOOL CARDING MACHINES built at short notice, on reasonable terms and warranted to be first rate.

WANTED,

Immediately, 12 or 15 cords of WOOD in exchange for work or for FURNITURE.

Norway, Nov. 24, 1831. 24tf

New England Farmer and Horticultural Journal.

This is a weekly paper devoted to agriculture, gardening, and rural economy; edited by THOMAS G. FESSENDEN, assisted by various agricultural writers, and by the observations of the best practical farmers in New England. It is printed in a quarto form, (paged) making a volume of 416 pages annually, to which a title page and index are furnished gratis. This journal has been published for nine years, during which time the most assiduous exertions have been made by the Editor to make it acceptable and useful to the farmer and the horticulturist. From the increasing number and respectability of its correspondents, and the means now at the command of the Editor, the Publisher feels a confidence in recommending it to the favorable notice of the public, as a journal with regard to whose future character they will not be disappointed. By a vote of the Board of Visitors of the Botanic Garden at Cambridge, the intelligent Curator of that establishment has been requested to make known through the New England Farmer, the details and results of his experiments in various horticultural subjects—the choice of soil, and situation, with regard to raising plants:—and by a vote of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, all communications on horticultural subjects addressed to the President, are published regularly in the New England Farmer, so that this journal will contain the complete transactions of the Society.

By concentrating all these advantages, it is thought that the volumes of the New England Farmer will contain so large a collection of useful facts and experiments connected with agriculture and its kindred branches of gardening, orcharding, &c. &c. to be found worthy a place in the Library of every farmer. A weekly report of the sales of the cattle at Brighton—the state of the markets, crops, &c. &c.—and occasionally drawings of agricultural implements, &c. will be found in this journal.

The New England Farmer is published every Wednesday evening as the low price of \$3 per annum. From which a discount of 50 cents is made to those who pay in advance. It will not be sent to new subscribers at a distance without payment being made in advance.

If Gentlemen who procure five subscribers, and forward the payment for the same, will be allowed a sixth copy gratis. New subscribers can be furnished with the back numbers of the current volume.

Published by J. B. Russell, at No. 52 North Market Street, Boston, Mass.

JUST received and for sale at BARTON'S,

A View of all RELIGIONS of the world with religious ceremonies of all nations in the present day.

Natural History of Enthusiasm.

Clark's Commentary on the New Testament, in one and two volumes.

Discourses, Reviews and Miscellanies of Rev. W. E. Channing.

Balfour's Notes on the Parables.

Kneeland's Lectures on Divine Revelation.

Balfour's Letters to Mr. Hudson.

Balfour's first and second Inquiry.

FOR SALE,

ONE large veale of OXEN, 8 years old Terms liberal. W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Nov. 29.

NEW FALL GOODS.

S. K. WATKINS

HAS recently received (at the old stand of H. J. S. HARRIS,) Corner of Exchange and Middle Streets,

a complete assortment of Fall and Winter Goods.

SUCH AS

London, German,

Mix'd. Brown,

Olive Brown,

Green & Mulberry

AND AMERICAN

Drab, Blue, Black and Mix'd CASSIMERES;

SATTINETTS;

Bombazets—Circassians:

English, French and German MERINO'S;

English and American FLANNELS;

Real Goat's Hair

CAMBLETS.

Imitation & Plaid

CAMBLES.

Tartan Plaids—Peterham Coating—Kersey—

Dark and Light CALICOES of evry descrip-

tion.

Changeable Gros de Nap

Gros de Warsaw

Blk, Blue Blk Gros de Berlin

Gros de Swiss

BLK Twill d Synchaw

CANTON CR. TIES

Rich Gauze, Crapé,

Palmyreen, Bagdad.

FANCY HDKS.

Tibet and Crane

Rich Bonnet Ribbons;

Italian Crapes—Green Barrage;

Barrage Veils—

English double ground bl' Silk VFLS;

Black and white 4 & 5-4 Bobinet Lace;

Thread and Bobinet Edgings—

Quillings—Long Laces;

Irish Linen—Linen Sheeting—

Linen Cambrie;

Linen Cambrie, Imitation;

Silk Cotton Flaggs,

and Bandanna

SILK and COTTON UMBRELLAS.

Real Merino, Tibbet,

Valentia, Raw Silk,

Cassimere and Cotton

Russia and French Table CLOTHS,

7-4 and 8-4 White Damask do.

Gloves and Hosiery;

Thread, Spool Cotton, Tapes, Pins,

ALSO,

Brown Shirtings and Sheetings;

Bleach'd dg.

do

Tickings—Checks—Gingham.

The above articles, together with a variety

of other articles, will be sold at the lowest prices

for CASH or approved credit.

JOHN S. K. W. has on hand an entire assort-

ment of genuine

Dutch Bolting Cloths,

recently received from one of the best manu-

facturers in Germany, and warranted the best

article imported.

He can also furnish the BURR STONE at

short notice.

Portland, Nov. 10, 1831. 3m23

“GREAT BARGAINS.”

C. J. STONE

HAS just received at his new stand,

Alley's Row, Middle-Street,

a well selected and very ex-

tensive assortment of

seasonable piece

Goods,

such as

BROAD CLOTHS,

OXFORD OBSERVER.

From the New England Magazine.
REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.
CONCLUDED.

For several nights they went on in this manner, being delivered over to different persons from time to time; and as Lee could gather from their whispering conversation, they were regularly employed on occasions like the present, and well rewarded by the British for their services. Their employment was full of danger; and although they seemed like desperate men, he could observe that they never remitted their precautions.—They were concealed by day in barns, cellars, caves, made for the purpose, and similar retreats, and one day was passed in a tomb, the dimensions of which had been enlarged, and the inmates, if there had been any, banished to make room for the living. The burying grounds were a favorite retreat, and on more occasions than one they were obliged to resort to superstitious alarms to remove intruders upon their path; their success fully justified the experiment, and unpleasantly situated as he was, in the prospect of soon being a ghost himself, he could not avoid laughing at the expedition at which old and young fled from the fancied apparitions under clouds of night, wishing to meet such enemies, like Ajax, in the face of day,

Though the distance to the Delaware was not great, they had now been twelve days on the road, and such was the vigilance and suspicion prevailing throughout the country, that they almost despaired of effecting their object. The conductor grew impatient, and Lee's companions, at least one of them, became furious. There was, as we have said, something unpleasant to him in the glances of this fellow towards him, which became more and more fierce as they went on; but it did not appear whether it were owing to circumstances or actual suspicion. It so happened that, on the twelfth night, Lee was placed in a barn, while the rest of the party sheltered themselves in the cellar of a little stone church, where they could talk and act with more freedom, both because the solitude of the church was not often disturbed even on the Sabbath—and because even the proprietors did not know that illegal hands had added a cellar to the conveniences of the building.

The party were seated here as the day broke, and the light which struggled in through the crevices opened for the purpose showed low room about twelve feet square, with a damp floor and large patches of white mould upon the walls. Finding, probably, that the pavement afforded no accommodations for sleeping, the worthies were seated each upon a little cask, which seemed like those used for gunpowder. Here they were smoking pipes with great diligence, and at intervals not distant, applying a huge canteen to their mouths, from which they drank with upturned faces expressive of solemn satisfaction. While they were thus engaged, the short soldier asked them in a careless way, if they knew whom they had in their party. The others started, and took their pipes from their mouths to ask him what he meant. "I mean," said he, "that we are honored with the company of Captain Lee, of the rebel army. The rascal once punished me, and I never mistook my man when I had a debt of that kind to pay. Now I shall have my revenge."

The others hastened to express their disgust at his ferocity, saying, that if, as he said, their companion was an American officer, all they had to do was to watch him closely. They said that, as he had come among them uninvited, he must go with them to New York and take the consequences; but meantime, it was their interest not to seem to suspect him, otherwise he might give an alarm, whereas it was evidently his intention to go with them till they were ready to embark for New York. The other persisted in saying that he would have his revenge with his own hand, upon which the conductor, drawing a pistol, declared to him that if he saw the least attempt to injure Capt. Lee, or any conduct which would lead him to suspect that his disguise was discovered, he would that moment shoot him through the head. The soldier put his hand upon his knife with an ominous scowl upon his conductor, but seeing that he had to do with one who was likely to be as good as his word, he restrained himself, and began to arrange some rubbish to serve him for a bed. The other soldier followed his example, and their guide withdrew, locking the door after him.

The next night they went on as usual, but the manner of their conductor showed that there was more danger than before; in fact he explained to the party, that they were now not far from the Delaware, and hoped to reach it before midnight. They occasionally heard the report of a musket, which seemed to indicate that some movement was going on in the country. Thus warned, they quickened their steps, and it was not long before they saw a gleam of broad clear light before them, such as is reflected from calm clear waters even in the darkest night. They moved up to it in deep silence; there were various emotions in their breasts; Lee was hoping for an opportunity to escape from an enterprise which was growing too serious, and the principle objects of which were

already answered; the others were anxious lest some accident might have happened to the boat on which they depended for crossing the stream.

When they came to the bank, there were no traces of a boat on the waters. Their conductor stood still for a moment in dismay; but recollecting himself, he said it was possible it might have been secured lower down the stream, and forgetting every thing else, he directed the larger soldier to accompany him, and giving a pistol to the other, he whispered, "If the rebel officer attempts to betray us, shoot him; if not, you will not, for your own sake, make any noise to show where we are." In the same instant they departed, and Lee was left alone with the rustic.

He had before suspected that the fellow knew him, and now doubts were changed to certainty at once. Dark as it was, it seemed as if fire flashed from his eye, now he felt that revenge was in his power. Lee was as brave as any officer in the army; but he was unarmed, and though he was strong, his adversary was still more powerful. While he stood uncertain what to do, the fellow seemed enjoying the prospect of revenge as he looked upon him with a steady eye. Though the officer stood to appearance unmoved, the sweat rolled in heavy drops from his brow. He soon took his resolution, and sprang upon his adversary with the intention of wresting the pistol from his hand; but the other was upon his guard and aimed with such precision that, had the pistol been charged with a bullet, that moment would have been his last. But it seemed that the conductor had trusted to the sight of weapons to render the use of them unnecessary, and had therefore loaded them only with powder; as it was, the shock threw Lee to the ground, but fortunately, as the fellow dropped the pistol, it fell where Lee could reach it, and as his adversary stooped, and was drawing his knife from his bosom, Lee was able to give him a stunning blow. He immediately threw himself upon the assassin, and long and bloody struggle began; they were so nearly matched in strength and advantage, that neither dared unclench his hold for the sake of grasping the knife; the blood gushed from their mouths, and the combat would have probably ended in favor of the assassin, when steps and voices were heard advancing, and they found themselves in the hands of a party of countrymen who were armed for the occasion, and were scouring the banks of the river. They were forcibly torn apart, but so exhausted and breathless, that neither could make any explanation, and they submitted quietly to the disposal of their captors.

The party of armed countrymen, though they had succeeded in their attempt, and were sufficiently triumphant on the occasion, were sorely perplexed to determine how to dispose of their prisoners. After some discussion, one of them proposed to throw the decision upon the wisdom of the nearest magistrate. They accordingly proceeded with their prisoners to his mansion, about two miles distant, and called on him to rise and attend to business. A window was hastily thrown up, and the justice put forth his night-capped head, and with more wrath than became his dignity, ordered them off; and in requital for their calling him out of bed in the cold, generously wished them in the warmest place which then occurred to his imagination. However, resistance was vain; he was compelled to rise; and, as soon as the prisoners were brought before him, he ordered them to be taken in irons to the prison at Philadelphia. Lee improved the opportunity to take the old gentleman aside, and told him who he was, and why he was thus disguised; the justice only interrupted him with the occasional inquiry, "Most done?" When he had finished, the magistrate told him that his story was very well made, and told in a manner very creditable to his address, and that he should give it all the weight which it seemed to require. All Lee's remonstrances were unavailing.

As soon as they were fairly lodged in prison, Lee prevailed on the jailor to carry a note to Gen. Lincoln, informing him of his condition. The general received it as he was dressing in the morning, and immediately sent one of his aids to the jail. That officer could not believe his eyes when he saw Capt. Lee. His uniform, worn out when he assumed it, was now hanging in rags about him, and he had not been shaved for a fortnight; he wished very naturally, to improve his appearance before presenting himself before the Secretary of War; but the orders were peremptory to bring him as he was. The General loved a joke full well; his laughter was hardly exceeded by the report of his own canon; and long and loud did he laugh that day.

When Captain Lee returned to Lancaster, he immediately attempted to trace the ground; and so accurate, under all the unfavorable circumstances, had been his investigation, that he brought to justice fifteen persons, who had aided to the escape of British prisoners. It is hardly necessary to say to those who know the fate of revolutionary officers that he received for his hazardous and the principle objects of which were

JUST received and for sale at BARTON'S,

Life of SUMMERFIELD;
Woodbridge and Willard's GEOGRAPHY
and ATLAS;
Morse's Geography and Atlas;
Cummings' do.
Woodbridge's do.
Goldsmith's do.
Adams' do.
Goodrich's do.
Worcester's do.
Matte Bruns' do.
Blake's do. for Children;
Parley's do. for Children;
Parish's Geography;
Pike's KUNES', Walsh's, Bezon's, Adams',
Smith's, Colburn's, Robinson's, Emerson's,
and Temple's ARITHMETICS;
Murray's, Ingoldsby's, Fisk's, Campbell's,
Frost's, and Springer's English GRAMMARS;
American First Class Book;
National Reader;
Political Class Book;
National do.
Columbian do.
Introduction to National Reader;
Classical Reader;
Biblical do.
Historical do.
Agricultural do.
Columbian do.
Analytical do.
English do.
Sequel to Analytical Reader;
Understanding Reader;
Goodrich's History United States;
Columbian Orator;
Butler's History;
Young Gentlemen and Ladies' Museum;
Evangelical Instructor;
Academical Speaker;
Art of Reading;
Whelpley's Compend;
Webster's Spelling Book;
Goodale's do.
National do.
Perry's do.
Introduction to National Spelling Book;
Young Scholar's First Book;
Westerter's Second Book;
Webster's, Walker's, Perry's, and Johnsons
DICTIONARIES;
Greek, Latin, and French Books.

A. B. is agent for the AMERICAN MEDICAL JOURNAL, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, SCIENTIFIC TRACTS, CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, UNIVERSALIST EXPOSITOR, American Library of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, &c. &c.

He has also on hand a very complete assortment of STATIONARY & FANCY GOODS—DRUGS and MEDICINES, with the greatest variety of PATENT MEDICINES of any store in the State, all of which are of the genuine description.

Orders for any of the above, attended to the same as on personal application, and every article so forwarded, not proving satisfactory may be returned, and the money will be refunded.

Daily Paper in Augusta

EATON & SEVERANCE propose to publish a daily newspaper in Augusta, during the session of the Legislature, if a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained, to be called the MAINE DAILY JOURNAL. The Daily Journal will be delivered to subscribers every morning at the low price of one dollar for the session, and will contain the Legislative proceedings of the previous day, together with an abstract of Congressional news, and the foreign and domestic intelligence of the day.

Daily papers have heretofore been established only in large commercial towns. They depend mainly on a large population to whom they can be delivered every morning or even without expense of postage. There is no instance, we believe, in this or any other country, where a daily paper is published in a town having no larger population than Augusta; but anxious as we are to meet the just expectations of the citizens of the State and the members of the Legislature, we have concluded to make the attempt, in the hope that the citizens of Gardner, Hallowell and Waterville, to whom we shall offer the paper every morning, will unite in giving us that support which other daily papers find in large commercial towns.

It shall be our endeavor to report the proceedings of the Legislature faithfully and impartially, never distorting or misrepresenting the language of political opponents in debate. Indeed we hope to acquire such a reputation for fairness and impartiality in this respect, that all parties shall have confidence in whatever we may publish of legislative proceedings.

We shall send our daily to all the printers of newspapers in the State, trusting they will use a little endeavor to procure us that patronage which is necessary to ensure its publication.

The weekly Journal will be continued as heretofore at \$2 a year, and will also contain an account of the proceedings of the Legislature, together with the latest foreign and domestic news.

NEW GOODS.

IHABITANTS of Norway and vicinity that he has taken the Store lately occupied by James Crockett, where he has just opened an assortment of Seaside GOODS, and solicits a share of public patronage.

ASHES WANTED! Wanted good Dry HOUSE ASHES, for which Goods will be paid on delivery at the Pot Ash lately owned by Increase Robinson.

ANTHONY BENNETT.

Norway Village, Nov. 1. 6w20

FOR SALE,

A good HORSE, five years old last spring; warranted sound and kind in every respect. Also, a good secondhand CHAISE.

A good credit will be given for the above. WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Nov. 1.

HEALTH SECURED,

BY THE USE OF THE HYGEIAN VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL MEDICINES

OF THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH, LONDON;

Which have obtained the approbation and recommendation of some Thousands of Cures,

EN CONSUMPTIONS, CHOLERA MORBUS, INFLAMMATIONS, internally or externally; DYSPEPSIA, FEVERS, AGUE, INDIGESTION, BILLIOUS OR NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, & all diseases of the LIVER: YELLOW FEVER, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, TIC DOLOREUX, ST. VITUS'S DANCE, EPILEPSY, APoplexy, PARALYSIS, PALSY, GREEN SICKNESS, and all obstructions to which the Female form is so distressingly liable, and which sends so many of this fairest portion of the creation, in CONSUMPTIONS, to their untimely graves; SMALL POX, ALEASLES, WHOOPING COUGH, SCARLET FEVER, ASTHMA, JAUNDICE, GRAVEL, STONE, & all URINARY OBSTRUCTIONS; FISTULA, PILES, STRICTURES, RUPTURES, and SYPHILIS, in all its stages; CONSTIPATED BOWELS, WORMS, SCURVY, ITCHINGS OF THE SKIN, KING'S EVIL, and all GUTANEOUS DISORDERS; in short, every Complaint to which the human frame is so direfully subject, under all their varied forms and names; as the HYGEIAN conviction is,

MAN IS SUBJECT TO ONE ONLY REAL DISEASE

THAT IS, TO THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD, from whence springs every Complaint that can possibly assail his complicated frame; and that it is the perpetual struggle of this vital, pure stream of life, the gift of Almighty power, to disencumber itself of its viscous, acrid humours, with which it has become commixed, through the negligence of parents; the ignorance or maltreatment of the Doctors; or the vicious, or gormandizing propensities of us all.

This valuable Medicine, being composed only of vegetable matter, or medicinal herbs, and warranted, on oath, as containing not one particle of mercurial, mineral, or chemical substances, (all of which are uncongenial to the nature of man, and therefore destructive of the human frame) is found to be perfectly harmless to the most tender age, or the weakest frame, under every stage of human suffering; the most pleasant and benign in its operation, and at the same time, the most certain in searching out the root of every complaint, however deep, and of performing a cure, that was ever offered to the world. This wonderful effect, too, is produced by the least possible of all trouble to the patients, by merely swallowing a certain number of small pills, and being called a few extra times to the purposes of evacuation, with the least possible sensation of feeling, or pain, or exhaustion of bodily strength, and without the fear of catching cold, or attention to dress or diet, in any way different to their accustomed habits.

These pills cure in all cases, and can in no way be outdone. Experience, which is the touchstone of all human knowledge, has long borne testimony to the fact; and extensive use of them, has already verified its truth in this country.

These Medicines cure by purging, and yet the weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, because they clear the body of its bad humors; they invariably procure a sound sleep. They are the safest and most efficacious Medicine to take to sea; preventing all scurvy, co-keveness, &c.

The operation of this (in every case) mild medicine, which conveys immediate conviction of its utility from the first dose, is as beneficial to the mind as to the body; first calming, then curing all Mental derangements, Eccentricities, Nervous Affections, Irritabilities, and Restlessness, from whatever source: complaints which have heretofore not been properly understood, as the Hygeists have found them all to proceed from acrimonious humors in the blood, and happily for the present and future race of mankind, discovered a cheap and universal mode of purifying, curing, and preventing.

The being cured of any disease, infirmity or sore, is now no more a dubious or uncertain procedure—perseverance in the Vegetable Universal Medicines will always restore nature to her due course. The literary and sedentary of both sexes, whose pursuits so much impair the faculties, will find a sure remedy in the Universal Medicines for preserving the energy and sprightliness of the imagination, and improving their health; Old age will be attained by the use of them, and passed free from pain and infirmities.

These require none of the mysteries of other medicines. They only require to be persevered in with sufficiently large doses, and the patient will always come off well;—when a disease is obstinate, patients do not take doses large enough.

* For sale by the subscriber, who is the only authorized Agent for this County, and every box sold by him is warranted to be direct from London. Certificates of cures may be seen by calling on ASA BARTON.

NEW-YORK REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE Public are respectfully informed that an Institution is established, and in successful operation, in the city of New-York Eldridge street, between Grand and Broome, denominated the "REFORMED MEDICAL COLLEGE," under the jurisdiction of the Reformed Medical Society of the United States;—that this Institution has arisen from its own intrinsic merits, notwithstanding the opposition of illiberal and interested Physicians, to an eminence and celebrity which has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

In this College, a system of practice is taught altogether superior to that taught in other Medical Schools, or pursued by other Physicians, the medical agents being principally derived from the vegetable kingdom. Its efficacy has been proved for more than half a century, combining the improvements of the most distinguished Medical Reformers of this or any other age. It has been tested in every variety and form of disease, and its salutary effects witnessed where the mercurial or mineral treatment had been pursued without the least effect, except great injury to the constitution. Its superiority has been so repeatedly demonstrated, as to satisfy the most wavering and sceptical; and it is chiefly owing to this success, that we are indebted for the elevated character and reputation of our Reformed Medical Colleges. In short, the system of practice we teach, "like the Doric Column, stands simple, pure and majestic, having *fact* for its basis, *induction* for its pillar, and *truth* alone for its capital."

The necessity of an Institution of this kind, under the direction of competent Professors, must be strikingly evident to all who have reflected upon the subject of medical Reform. The prevailing practice of Physic and Surgery is generally admitted to be replete with danger to the health and lives of mankind. MERCURY, the LANDET, and the KNIFE, are now the means chiefly relied upon for the removal of almost every disease incident to the human body, notwithstanding their deleterious effects are so universally known and experienced.

The benefits to be derived by an attendance at this Institution, will, we trust, be duly appreciated by those who wish to acquire a correct knowledge of the healing art. Here the Student will be taught all the ordinary routine of practice that is deemed necessary, in addition to the Botanical; and in consequence of his residing in the Institution, and pursuing a systematic course of study, combining each of those departments, he may acquire a knowledge of both in a short space of time, and at a very small expence, in comparison with that of other Medical Colleges.

The following are taught, both on the old and modern, or Reformed System, by lectures, recitations, examinations, and suitable text books:—

1. Anatomy and Physiology.
2. Materia Medica and Pharmacy.
3. Theory and Practice of Physic and Surgery.
4. Midwifery.
5. Theoretical and Practical Botany.
6. Chemistry.
7. Medical Jurisprudence, &c.

There being an Infirmary connected with the College, the Student will have the benefit of Clinical Practice, by which the experimental, or practical part of medicine, will be acquired with the theory.

There will be no specified time to complete a course of study, but whenever a student of qualified to pass an examination, he will receive a Diploma. Some will require one year, others two or more years, to complete a course of studies.

Students will have an opportunity of attending the New-York Hospital, in addition to the Infirmary, where many hundreds of medical and surgical cases are daily exhibited, and Lectures delivered, Operations performed, &c. with the benefit of an extensive medical library.

For the information of some, we wish to state that this System of Practice has no connection with that disseminated by Dr. Samuel Thompson.

REQUISITIONS.—The qualifications for admission into the school will be:—1. A Certificate of good moral character. 2. A good English education.

TERMS.—The price for qualifying a person to practice, including board and all the advantages of the Institution, will be at the reduced price of \$250, payable in advance; or \$150, in advance and \$150 at the time of graduating. Some allowance will be made for those in indigent circumstances.—The price of a Diploma will be ten dollars.

Every student will be expected to supply himself with bed and bedding, books, fuel, &c. which may be purchased in this city at a very small price.

We have the pleasure to announce that our School is in successful operation; there having been about thirty graduates during the present spring, and that there is an opening and a demand in every section of the United States for those educated in its Principles and Practice.

Those wishing further information, will please address a letter (post paid) to the undersigned.

The public are cautioned against the reports and misrepresentations of interested Physicians who are unacquainted with the System of Practice, and the Principles on which it is founded.

Students may enter the School at any period;